



LA VVTRICKES
O R,
WHO VVOULD HAVE
THOUGHT IT.

As it hath bene diuers times Acted by the Chil-
dren of the Reuels.

Written by *John Day.*



L O N D O N
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The Booke to the Reader.

Honest Reader, by thy patience, this is the first time of our meeting, & it may be the last, that's as we shal agree at parting, woot buy me, the stationer thanks thee; woot reade mee, doe: but picke no more out of me, then he that writ put into me: nor knowe me not better then he that made me: such Mechanicke gods this hil of *Parnassus* harbors: we have a strange secte of vpstart *Phisognomers*, growne vp amongst vs of late, that will assume out of the depth of their knowings, to calcuate a mans ingent by the colour of his complexion: nay, which is miraculous, by the character of his reporte: and tis wonderfull to consider: cannot an honest man speake to a knave, but his language must needs be scand? a gallant to a Countieman, must his intent be to rob? must a Cuckolde of consequent necessitie dwell at the Harts-horne? and a Musitian at the Cat & the fiddle? strange interpretations. I say no more, but if the Cobler wold look no further then the shoe-latchet, we should not haue so many corrupt translations: for mine owne part I reuerence all modest aduertisements, and submit my selfe to any iudicious censurer, & protesting I neuer held my irregular course, but my Inke hath beene alwaies simple, without the iuice of worm-wood, and my pen smooth without teeth, and so it shall continue.

Farwell.

Thine or any mans for a tellar.

Who would haue thought it.



The Names of the Actors.

Fernex, Duke of Genoa.

Polymetes,

Lurdo.

Horatio.

Horatio's.

Julio.

Angelo.

Adam.

Ioculo.

Emilia.

Countesse.

Win.

1 }

2 }

3 }

His Sonne.

An olde Count

A yong Count.

Page

A noble youthfull Gallant.

A Noble Counsellor

Servant to Polymetes.

Page to Emilia.

Daughter to the Duke.

Lurdos wife

Servant to Count Lurdo.

Gentlewoman.



Law-tricks,
O'R
Who would haue thought it.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter Count, Horatio solus.

Hor. **D**iuine inuention, O how I could hug,
And like an amorous Louer court thy
beauty,
That crownst me King of pleasures were my braine
Fordg'd out of vulgar metall without fier,
And sprightly motion, my big-swolne hopes,
Had bene still-borne, but when deiected minds,
Out slept the golden pleasure of the night:
My serious meditations haue out-watch'd,
The glorious tapers that attend the Moone:
I turnd my thoughts into a thousand shapes:
Moulded the fashion of ten thousand plots,
Lik'd and dislik'd so many, that my brayne
The mother of Inuention grew barrayne,
Almost past bearing, still my laboring thoughts
Conceiu'd a yet more strange and quaint Idea,
Gau it proportion, and I brought it forth:
And that blest infant of Inuention
Beyond all hope hath my contentment woon,
And that's *Loues heauen* I loue a face more faire
Then Cintheas hue that seems aboue compare,

A 3

But

Law-tricks, or

Bat hell, her husband with a iealous eye
Vshers her steps, oh wedded slavery!
This tender rose, whom artles marriage,
Hath grafted on a nettle (testy age)
Haue I vngrafted, made him selfe vntie
The knot of wedlock: thanks sweete industrie.

*Enter Count Lurdo.
meditating.*

And here a comes, that which most heaps my fame,
His wit's well spoken of.

Ln. This wit's a sprightly thing,

Ho. For such as haue't.

Ln. It not alone doth bring,
Publique applause, but knowledge in the law,
Teacheth to speake in distance.

Ho. How the daw
Scoures ore his rustie phrases? honord Count,
How growes your plot?

Ln. My thriuing fortunes mount
Aboue suppose, euen to my harts content:
Wee are diuorc'd.

Ho. My hopes are preualent.

Ln. You know the cause on't, two sufficient men
Swore her a harlot, and the partiall Bench
Inspird by my good Angels (Angels wings
Sweep a cleare passage to the seat of Kings).
Scald our diuorce.

Ho. But doth her brother swallow
This grosse abuse?

Ln. Abuse, away, away,

They

who would haue thought it.

They know me rich *Horatio*, chinke, chinke:
Whilst this holds out, my cause shal neuer sincke.

Enter Duke Ferneze and Angelo.

Ho. See where a comes, his sad complexion weares,
Griefs mourning livery, he is clothde in teares.

Ang. Whence springs this sorrow?

Fer. For my sisters shame,
My sister, oh my sister, whose repute
Hung like a Jewell on her sexes forehead.

Ang. And what of her?

Fer. Shee is, o no she was
Pure as the Diamond, cleere as christall glasse,
But now, O hell, her credit is more foule,
Then speckled scandall, or black murders soule.

Ang. I cannot thinke it.

Lu. But I know't too true,
She was my wife and by her meanes, my head
Was fayrely tupt and you will buy a Lanthorne:
Bespeake my sconce, tis ready hornd and all.

Ho. Not yet, but Ile take order that it shall.

Fer. And are yee parted?

Lu. What a question's that?
Shall I weare crackt rings, Diamonds with a flaw,
Ile carry coles and you wil, no hornes, I know the
law.

Ang. Is this your gries?

Fer. This is inough, to make
Patience turne ruffin, she that was the paterne,
To whose proportion all our courtly dames,
Cut out their actions, she to fall a signe —

Lu. More will fall shortly.

Fer. Her

Law-tricks, or

Fer. Her shame——

Ln. Growes here, whoeuer broacht the wyne,
The butt stands here, my forehead bears the signe,

Ho. It merits none, the shame's nor yours nor his,
That foot's even made that neuer treads a millc,
Beauty came first from Heauen, *Prometheus*,
Stole it to make proud women bewteous,
Now, stolne goods thriue not: women steale from men.
Then blame not them to seeke their owne agen.
Kings bane for this bene felons, and tis proud,
He neuer was diuine that neuer lou'd.

Ln. I finde no law for this.

Ho. Custome you proue,
And what's more Auncient then to pilfer louet

Ln. A quillet well applide.

Ho. Then bury grieft,
Yf this be fellonie, my self's a theife.

Ln. A nimble witte, iust of the length of mine,
But come my leidge, forget, it so will I,
Our infant griefs must be old men and die.

Fer. Not whil st hir fault suruiues,
What newes with thee.

Enter Horatio's Pages

Pa. I bring your honor comfortable newes,
Your sonne's return'd from Pisa,

Fer. A comes ill,
And yet I hope his blest arriue will kill
This monster grieft.

Ho. He is a toward Prince.

Fer. Toward inough, and yet most strangely wean'd
And wedded from this worlds societie.

Ln. A pailous youth, sharpe and sattyricall,
Would a but spend some study in the law,
A would proue a passing subtle Barrister.

Ho. Ha;

who would haue thought it.

Hor. Ha's a quick wit.

Lur. And a speakes Latin too,
Truely and so few Lawyers vse to doe.

Enter Prince Polymetes with a Booke.

Poly. Health to this honour'd presence: passing
good!

Aug. Welcome sweet Prince.

Poly. Thanks: superpassing good!
But honor'd father, see how he proceedes:
Learning was first made pilot to the world,
And in the chaire of contemplation,
Many degrees aboue the turning cloudes
Held in his hand the nine-leaf'd marble booke,
Drawne full of siluer lines and golden Stars.

Fer. But Sonne?

Poly. But father, it was learnings place,
Till emptie outsidcs, shadowes daub'd with golde
Pluckt him downe headlong, then aloft his wits,
And euer since liues Zany to the world,
Turnes Pageant-Poet, toylcr to the presse,
Makes himselfe cheape, detested, hilt and stale,
To euerie bubble and dull Groome.
Who for his out-sides gawdie, will presume
To make poore wit a hackney to his pride.
And with blunt rowled lcttes spur-gall his side
Till his soule bleeds, O, I am more then mad,
To see meere shadowes censure and controule,
The substance, worthier both in sence and soule

Fer. Fie *Polymetes*, though the robe of learning,
Sit comely on a Prince, yet weane thy thoughts
From this strict contemplation, and embrace
Publique assemblies, knightly exercise. (stabs)

Poly. How's that? to sweare and giue the sunden
Sell Lands to purchase fashions? O tis base!
Bought gentrie, should true-borne worth disgrace.

B

Aug. Practise

Law-tricks, or

Ang. Practise to hunt.

Pol. No, some hat vse that sport

Giu't ore, being scarce one haire the better for't.

Fer. Then practise Reuels.

Pol. Reuels sprightly play,

Yet euerie yeare, some reuell all away.

Lur. All these are triuiall: Prince, be a Lawyer:

Pol. Of all Land-monsters, some that beare that name,

Might well be sparde, whose vultur Auarice

Deuours men liuing: they of all the rest,

Deale most with Angells, & yet proue least blest.

Lur. Wrong not the Law.

Pol. I cannot, tis diuine:

And ile compare it to a golden chaine,

That linkes the body of a common-wealth,

Into a firme and formall Vnion.

It holds the sword, with an impartiall hand,

Curbs in the raines of an vnruely land,

Tis twin'd to Iustice, and with holy zeale,

Rightly determines the poore mans appeale.

And those that are lawes true administers,

Are fathers to the wrong'd, heauen's Iusticers.

Lur. Fore-god tis true, right properties of the Law

But vnder fauour, and with due respect

Of that vnualued perle, and the professors,

Your selfe and such lacke-Latin Aduocates

Infect the heart, and doe their best to change

The true intent of sanctimonious law.

Turne Churchyards Champions, and make the

ground growne rancke wth Grandfires flesh,

Beare corne to feed the Sonne.

Fer. Will this be suffer'd?

But *Polymetes*, in thy stay at Pisa,

When heardst thou of thy Sister?

Pol. Much to late,

The

who would haue thought it.

The reason, with your patience I relate.
Beautious *Emilia*, whome I neuer saw,
But in the Rhetorique of discursive tongues
In Sancta Monta, neighbour to Sardinia,
Where siluer Arno in her Christall bosome,
Courts the fresh bancks with many an amorous
kisse.

My Sister (as the cuntry custome claim'd)
With all the choycest virgins of the Land,
Met at the Temple, halfe a league remote,
From all resort of people, which was deck'd
With all the Reliques, and the choicest Lemmes,
Marcellis, *Pisa*, or *Ligorne* could yeeld.

Fer. What follow'd this rich preparation?

Pol. Whilst they securely tend their Orizons,
Three armed Gallies of the faithlesse Turkes,
At this aduantage set their men on shore,
Enterd the Temple, and prophan'd their shrines,
On the high Altar sacrific'd the Priests,
Disfray'd the Temple of the golden robes,
Murder'd the matrons, rauish'd the Maides,
And dragging them by the disheuld haire,
Did with their rauish'd bodies fill their boates,
Amongst the rest, *Emilia* whome report
Cald by no name but onely beautifull,
Was rauish'd, slaine, or taken prisoner.

Fer. O *Polymetes*! thy discourse confounds,
Thou healst old hurts, yet giu'st vs deeper wounds,
But words are ayre, see our arm'd Gallies man'd,
And in them place as many of our Knights
As lou'd *Emilia* and their Soueraignes health.
Ile vnto *Pisa*, and till our returne,
Because our widowed Duke-dome shall not mourne.
Be thou her minion, and possesse her chaire,
Fill that with honour, 't will fill thee with care,
Vrgeno denials, Genowaes a dew,

Law-tricks, or

Wee leaue old greefes, and goe in quest of new.

Exeunt: manent Lurdo and Horatio.

Lur. Better and better, now my hopes are fit,
The Duke thus gone, what tongue so bold dares say
I wrong'd my wife?

Ho. That dares *Horatioes*.

(some

Lur. Thou art my self, we both haue but one bo-
One tongue, one soule, two bodies & one heart.

Hor. I know't my Lord.

Lur. Tis true, but let that passe,
Wee two are one.

Hor. I know your honour's wife.

Lur. And I know thee
For no small foole, twa's simple pollicie,
And not without some counsel of the lawe,
That not withstanding my wifes neere allyance
Vnto the Duke, I purchac'd a diuorce.

Hor. What was the cause?

Lur. Itell thee, the moste wrong
Was this, my Auarice thought she liu'd too long.
I know one man hath coffind vp fixe wiues
Since she was mine, and by the poorest, purst
A brace of thousand pounds: still good in Law,
Men must be rich, by thrift our treasures rise,
Giue me the man's knaue rich, take you poore wife,
But close, cocke sure, ile feed me fat with sport,
Gull all, foole all, why? I haue Law-tricks for't. *Exit*

Hor. How Iustice Slender glories in the plot,
Which to deceiue him, my full braine begot?
But to his wife, true verue though disgrac'd,
Shee's now halfe woo'd because shee's thought vn-
Her sexes credit, or discredit thrines (chast
In th' outward shape and fashion of their liues,
and be a womans vertues nere so strong,
Her honour's weigh'd vpon discourtes tongue.
Be her fame sullied, were her thoughts as bright

As

who would haue thought it:

As Innocence, the world would count her light,
For though mongst women, moſte are beauious,
They that pleaſe time are counted vertuous,
And in this hope, ile to the Counteſſe goe,
Shée's counted light, Loue grant I finde her ſo. *Exit.*

Enter Emilia and Ioculo.

Ioc. Welcome to *Genoa* Madam, and to make a
ſhort cut of our long trauell, faith tell mee, how doe
you feele your ſelfe ſince you came a ſhore?

Em. Feele my ſelfe? why with my hands, what an
idle queſtion's that?

Ioc. Then pray bee you better occupied in your
anſwere: but Madam, doe you remember what a
multitude of fiſhes we ſaw at Sea? and I doe wonder
how they can all liue by one another.

Em. Why ſoole, as men do on the Land, the great
ones eate vp the little ones, but *Ioculo*, I am great, paſ-
ſing great, and readie to lye downe.

Ioc. Doe Madam, and ile ſtand by and doe my
good will to deliuer you.

Em. Mans death of what?

Ioc. Why of your Maiden-head Madam & if you
pleaſe, or rather of the huge birth of knauerie y' are in
trauell of.

Em. And in ſooth *Ioculo* at this time I ſtand in
ſome need of a wittie Mid-wif: but may I truſt thee?

Ioc. About the girdle-ſtead, and below the knee
Madam without any danger, why Madam, you
know at our firſt meeting in the *Turkes Gallies*,
where we were both priſoners, and in a manner
ſtrāgers, I reſted faithful when we counterfeited our-
ſelues lunaticke to eſcape their furie I proued not
faulſe when wee were caſt naked a ſhore: I ſtood
firme to you, and neuer ſince left your companyes
now hauing had theſe tryals of me abroad, neuer

Law-tricks, or

mistrust my secrecie at home.

Em. I wil credit thee, and now receiue this embri-
on of knauerie, brieflie as I deliuer it. I vnderstand
since our priuate arriuall heere at Genoa, that the
Duke my father hearing of my surprisal from *Mon-*
ta/santa, attended with a hundred Knights, is gone to
seeke a needle in a bottle of Hay.

Io. Or rather to catch a quicke Eele by the —

Em. Teeth, as I haue done you fir?

Io. Nay, and you breaks iestes a my teeth once,
I haue done with you.

Em. If the breaking of the iest kept your teeth
whole, twas well broken: but to the purpose; as well
to trie what mettle our Genow aies wits are made of,
as also to put my Brothers humor to the test, I intend
to dance a prettie change with my name (for by no-
thing else I am sure they can knowe me, being in my
infancie carried to my Aunts at *Pisa*) then instead of
Emilia, call me *Tristella*.

Io. Agreed, but what man i'th mist is this?

Em. I know not yet, lets walke, and take occasion
to confer with them.

*Enter Polymetes reading, and Iulio taking
Tobacco.*

Io. Yet keep without eye-shot so long as you can

Poly. O moste Diuine!

Iul. Tobacco? the best in Europe, 't cost mee ten
Crownes an ounce by this vapor.

Poly. Art not asham'd?

Iul. Of your foppish humor? yes by this Element
villanously asham'd, pox on't, leaue it, you are a
scholler, goe but to antiquitie, read the Chronicles,
you may finde some of your Ancestors chronieled
for winning a Wenches fauour, for loosing their ar-
mour, but few for wit and Scholler ship: Souldiers &
Schollers

who would haue thought it:

Scollers could neuer set their horses together, especially in this kicking age: but who comes heere? one she-Satyre or other to pitch vp her Tent, cast downe her gauntlet and proclaime thee coward for not stabbing her, when shee gaue thee the moste plaine apparant and open lye.

Em. Ioculo, we are fallen into their eyes.

Ioc. Theile hardly see their way then, for we are shrew'd moats, but al's one, ile giue occasion of quarrell, answer you as you can, *instic Iulio.*

Iul. Your reason Sir?

Ioc. To make thee recoile, or with the Souldier to fall off, i'st your countrie manner to corriue a leader, being vpon or before present seruice as I am?

Iul. Pardon me sir, I did not see your charge. Would I had neuer scene her, for her eye Hath set my thoughts in a strange mutenie.

Pol. What, in loue Iulio?

Iul. No Prince, loue's in me,
I like a slave indure loues tyrannie.

Ioc. Madam, your Brother.

Pol. Slave to all slaves be he that snares his eye,
In a weake Syrens Cob-web flatterie,

Iul. God saue faire sweete.

Em. Amen, from such as you. *(true.*

Iul. You had said for such, had your tongue gone

Em. Why then belike I lye.

Iul. I would you did, within my Curtens.

Em. Marry loue forbid.

Iul. Nay, loue is willing, for he cries lets goe:

Em. Then loue hath two tungenes, for he tels me no,
so pray let's part.

Iul. What, and our lips not meete?

Em. Now sic vpon't, like Broom-men in the street?
Y'are a young wooer, or else much to rude,
To shew this kindnesse fore a multitude,

But

Law-tricks, or

But by the blush that colours ore your face,
You would scarce doo't in a more priuate place.

Pol. This same strâge thing i'th likenes of a womā,
Talles of much wit, though I not loue her sex,
Ile arme my thoughts to cracke a iest with her.
What, graue *Iulio*?

Em. No, but run a Land:
Is your wits shipping any better mand?

Pol. Yes, will you board it?

Em. No, I dare not venter:

Pol. Make but a shot in iest and you may enter.

Em. You are a Scholler.

Pol. I haue seene some Schooles.

Em. You came not ore i'the last fleet of Fooles.

Pol. You tooke my roome vp.

Em. I pray tak't agen,
Weele haue no women fooles saile amongst men.

Pol. Your wit's much currish.

Em. Why 't bites not you,
It feedes on fooles flesh, so wisemen adieu

Iul. Please you accept the curtise of the towne?

Em. I need not, I haue curtises of mine owne:
ther's one for you.

Pol. How chance your wit's so free?

Em. Onely to out-goe Iadish company.

Iul. Here are none such.

Ioc. Take heede, for if you tire,
Sheele keepe her pace and leaue you in the mire.

Pol. A womans feature, but a Schollers tongue
In quick discourse, Philosophers nere wondred
More at the strange conception of the windes,
Then I admire how she attain'd this wit:
Did not true learning make the soule diuine,
She hath spoke enough to make me conuertine.

Iul. My loues are sound, & wait but your reply,
A short lin'd accent, either no or I.

Em. I

who would have thought it.

Em. I am not too seueare, nor yet so kinde,
To fall for euerie idle puff of winde.
But farwell, ile take counsell of my pillow,
Pittie fresh youth should wither in Greene willowe.

Jul. Appoint the place sweete, ile not misse mine
houe.

Em. At the three fooles.

Jul. Ile meete.

Em. And make vp foure.

Pol. Sweet wordes, kinde lookes, what a par-
ting kisse,

Words, lookes and lips crie all, the wenche is his.

I am posselt deuill, loue perswades my minde,

That if to him, to me shee'le proue more kinde.

What's *Julio* made of? hadst thou soule or sence,

Thou wouldst not prentise thy affections,

Nor tie thy fortunes to a strangers loue.

Jul. A little liking my Lord, a ierk a trick or so, but
no pure loue I protest, but be impartiall, cast of the
furd-gowne of hate, and speake out of the naked
Doublet and hose of iudgement: is she not worthy
to be beloned? nay, might not she and I liue passing
well together?

Pol. Yes, if to liue in bondage be no hell,
I thinke you two, might doe exceeding well.

Jul. Well my Lord, because ile bee no example of
selfe-will, ile breake off our meeting at the three
Fooles, and send for her to Court, where ile put al my
loue into one quart of Maligo, & your melancholly
humor into another, and he that hath done last, shall
for penance giue her a kicke a the lips, and a pipe of
Tobacco be my witnesse, that's all the loue I beare
her.

Pol. Well *Julio*,
How ere you iuggle, if you doe agree,
You must be pleas'd to weare the keepers fee. *Exeunt*

C

Alone

Law-tricks, or

Actus Secundus.

Enter Count Lurdo and Adam.

Adam. Sir, I do not loue to double with a womā if my friend, much lesse with you my most vpright & straight Connt, my yong Lord (as I told you) is turnd absolute prodigall.

Lur. How prodigall?

Adam. Marry thus prodigall, to frequent ordinaries is his ordinarie practise, rubs out whole weekes together in bowling. Allyes, bandies away his pocket full of French-Crownes in a morning, and counts it a prettie sport to procure heere.

Lur. Thou telst me wonders, he that but last day, Was neuer seene to walke without a booke, Writ against pleasure, and make bitter iests Of honest recreation, turn'd dissolure, I see no reason for't, the law and I, (I tell you plainly Adam) thinke you lye.

Adam. Thinke as you will sir, there's not a tricke vsde in the towne that deserues damnation, but hee desires to deale in't, tis pittie a was not made a tradesman, he loves to follow his occupation a life, & that which makes him doubt most, he is in loue with the Indian punck Tobacco.

Lur. Punke! how the foole that doth not know it slaunders a leafe, nick-names a stranger herb;

Adam. No herb a grace I hope sir.

Lur. Ner good thrift neither, Yet there sone dunce, a kinde of plodding Poet, Seare's it was not in the first creation, Because he findes no baliad argument, To proue old Adam a Tobacconiste,

Adam. I thanke none at the name loue's it,

I haue

who would haue thought it.

I haue heard olde *Adam* was an honest man, and a good Gardiner lou'd Lettice well, Sallets and Cabbage reasonable well, yet no Tobacco: Again, *Adam Bell* a substantial out-law, & passing a good Archer, yet no Tobaconist. Further, *Diogenes*, whose proper name might bee *Adam* for ought I know, lou'd Carretts well, Lecke porridge passing well, yet no Tobacco: to conclude, my great Grandfathers Grandfathersfather, and my selfe all Gardners, yet could not abide this Chimney-sweeper Tobacco. (cause,

Lar. They did not: take me with you, what's the They were al plaine folks, & did not know the lawes.

Adam They were plaine indeede, and thereof grew the prouerbe, plaine dealing is a Iewell.

Lar. But he that vseth it shall die a begger.

Ad. That addition was made by some Lawyer or Poet, to auoid which, they cannot indure plaine-dealing should haue a hand in any of their actions.

Lu. Touch no mans functiō, there are ierks & tricks Spurne not the law, for if you doe, it kicks.

Ad. So will a spur-gald lade sir, but to all these misdemeanors, a maintaines a priuate punck, one *Trifstella* that hee had in way of reuerſion from Iulio, a twindger, a meere Horseleach, one that will suck out the braines of his treasure, and make a meere skin of his wealth, I, out of my Loue reprehended his error, and he in a furie kick't me out of dores, and discharged me of his seruice.

Lu. I like not this, tis neither right ner streight done with no law-trick, nor no good conceite, but here a comes. *Enter Polim. & Emilia.*

Ad. With Autumne in his bosome, pray God she shake not downe his leaues, and leaue him to make the Duke his father a bald reckoning.

Lu. Peace and obserue.

Em. Though I be a stranger to you,

Law-tricks, or

Yet am I well acquainted with your humor.
A Lady cannot liue about the Court
Without the enuie of your Epigrams,
If she be pleasant, she is counted light,
If ruddy, painted, if her ruffes be thicke,
They aske much poaking.

Pol. Trust me, loue hath kild
That worme-wood humor, bring th'authoritie
Of one true tongue to proue my poesse,
Euer wrong'd woman.

Em. And you'l doo'tagen?

Lur. That's a good wench.

Em. I pray who ought that pen?
That in a stammering lambick vaine,
Glanc'd at *Emiliaes* loose and gaudie traine.
And broke broad iests vpon her narrow heele,
Poak't her Rebatoes, and suruaid her Steele,
tide her fring'd garters, bought her words by weight

Lur. Still good in law, and an vpright conceit.

Em. Doe you not know that man?

Pol. Suppose I doe?

Em. You did but flout them, and youle flout me too
You wondred not *Cornelia* being so faire,
Would be beholding to her Laundresse haire.

Pol. I know not this.

Em. True, nor that Florymell,
Became a Pages habit passing well,
Vfde single Rapier, tooke the rouse and swore,
Of all land Beasts she could not brooke the Bore,
Nor that Count *Lurdo*, comming to a fray,
Brought not the worth of one poore haire away.

Pol. More then his owne.

Lur. That iest comes neere to me,
Tis out-growne now, a wants authoritie.

Em. Nor that *Melina* whom your Muse renownes
Wore out as many suiters as new gownes.

And

who would haue thought it.

And the same day that she was married,
Vpon her finger wore her maiden-head.
In likeness of a Dyamond.

Pol. Indeede twa'ssed,
That for Ring *Melina* sold her head.

Em. But y'are all *Ouids*.

Lur. They are bawdie mates,
Touch Lawyers too, indeed abuse all states,

Em. Poets are wanton, and no doubt inioy,
Their faire *Corynnes*, though perhaps lesse coy.

Pol. Suppose some doe?

Em. Each one in this agrees to scandall vs.

Lur. And talke of Lawyers fees.

Pol. Graunt me but loue, & with my vtmost power,
I will defend your sexes stainelesse honour:
And with my pen dipt in the iuice of gall,
Be his soules terror, that hereafter shall,
Cast ynke at honours garments, or aspire
To name your sex with an vnhalloved fire.
Em. I take your word.

Enter Iulio.

Poly. Then seale it with a kisse.

Lur. That kisse my Lord deserues an Epigram.

Pol. Sit downe good Vncle.

Lur. An vnbidden guest
Should bring a stoole along.

Poly. A womans iest.

Iul. You meane a lye, for women vse to lye.

Em. But not like Schollers by authoritie.

Iul. Yet they may produce lying authoritie, and so
cannot Poets.

Lur. Nor Lawyers neither.

Em. Are you a Lawyer?

Iul. Ifaith Madam, he hath sit on the skirts of law
any time this thirtie yeares.

Ad. Then he should bee a good Trencher-man by
his

Law-tricks, or

his profession.

Ln. Your reason *Adam*.

Ad. I knew one of that facultie in one terme eat
vp a hoie Towne, Church, Steeple and all.

Ln. I wonder the Bels rung not all in in his belly.

Ad. No sir, he solde them to buy his wife a Taffety
Gowne, and himselfe a veluet Iacket.

Pol. What a prou'd lacke was that? but I wonder
at Lawyers for one thing, many of them vse to take
their fees afore-hand.

Em. For a two-folde pollicy, one is they were com-
monly greedie, the other for feare if their Clyents
follow their Counsell long, they will not be worth a
fee.

Ln. Tis well said Lady, you doe well to iest with
an old man.

Ad. A saies true, for if you shold iest too much with
a young man, it might proue earnest, & so the fruites
of your iests make you both a sham'd on't.

Pol. Well said *Adam*, but leauing at a full iest, Vn-
cle, what earnest businesse brought you hither?

Ln. Your honours sudden Metamorphosis,

Tolde by your trustie Seruant, and confirmed

By publique rumor.

(Seruant

Pol. Why what saies Goody Fame, and my trustie

Ln. This is the worst my Lord that you expend

Your treasure on that Ladies maintenance.

Pol. S'foot say I doe, what, has the worne-eaten
bawd Fame: or ere a pander-like foole else to doe
with it? giue her maintenance, why she is of my nere
affinitie, should I see my shee affinitie goe in tatters?
I allow my Seruant rags, & I were worse then a Iew,
if I should suffer my shee affinitie to goe naked.

Ln. Law takes your part, & if your purse grow short
Rather then spend the publique treasure,

He lend your Grace a brace of thousand pounds,

Provided

who would haue thought it.

Prouided this, that as our Booke-men write
I haue securitie.

Em. A Lawyer right?

Pol. Securitie? Leases and old rents, Castles and
Towne-ships, able men, good securitie, Townes are
no Starters, theile hold out winde and weather.

Lu. I craue no more, let me haue pawnes and vse.

Em. How? Lords turne Vsurers? those that should
punnish broke age deale vppen pawnes?

If it were once his owne,

Hee'd lend him mony on his Duke-domes crowne

Pol. But faith Vncle tell me, what think you of this
Lady? would she not make a prettie peart Dutches?

Lur. Shee's faire, nor do I discommend your choise
I wish her your's, a priuate friend or so,

I know mad lerks, and know that Lawe allowes,

Princes their priuate pleasures, and my selfe

Will doe my best to gaine your honours loue,

I will not absolutely say there are,

But there may be, if so your honour please,

Sellers and Vaults, which from your priuate Garden
May vnder ground lead to your bed-chamber.

Whithers, I will not name my selfe, but some close
friend,

May vn suspected bring your beautionous Lady.

Em. Lord what a broaking Advocate is this?
He was some Squiers Scriuener, and hath scrape
Gentilitie out of Attorneys fees:

His bastard actions proue him such a one,
For true worth scornes to turne Camelion.

Pol. Madam, my Vncle out of tender-loue,

Better to shun all scandalous suspect,

That might attend on our vn suiting loes

Will lodge you at his house, whither at times——

Em. Your Grace may haue access.

Lur. Tis

Law-tricks, or

Lur. Tis so indeede.

Em. Is there a backeway?

Lur. And a priuate doore,
A secret vault, and twentie odde tricks more.

Em. A Stoue?

Lur. And Arbors with sweete violet Beds,
That haue bin prest to death with maiden heads,
Where you may sport and breath, and take a rouse

Em. Perdy, this Lawyer keepes a bawdie house,
I shall be ready to deceiue you all.

My Lord, your Law-plot's, most iudiciall.

Enter the Countesse.

Bnt who comes heere? some one of your cast cly-
ents.

Inl. Gods me, the Countesse.

Lur. Mum, I cannot stay,
There's a clowd rising, drives my Sun away.

Em. Is this your wife?

Lur. Madam, tis she that was.

Em. That was and is not? how comes that to passe?

Count. I cannot tell, God & his conscience knowes

Lur. And the world sees Colossus on my browes,
Hercules Pillers, here's *non ultra* writ.

Inl. Not in brasse Characters?

Pol. No, hornes more fit.

Lur. Hath not the Lawe diuorc'd and made a bar
twixt our affections? wert not thou content to take
a pention?

Count. Which you still detaine.

Lur. Good wit, Law-trickes and firme, you may
complaine.

Count. Complaine I doe, I kneele before the throane
and sue for iustice, but yet can purchase none.

Complaine I doe Cousen.

Pol. Away.

Count. O!

who would haue thought it.

Con. O, as you are a Prince, and you a virgin.

Em. I was one long since,

This is no place for passion, drie your eyes,

Con. Greife nailes me to the ground, I cannot rise,
He grow immodest, iustice is exild,

And so shall duetie, patience turne wilde,

Pa. Come, leaue the Bedlam.

Enter Horatio a side.

Ln. Doe, for wit and Law knowe shee's a foole,

Em. A couple quoth Iack-daw.

Exeunt

Hor. Madam.

Co. Who calles?

Hor. Madam.

Co. Horatio.

Hor. In passion Lady.

Co. Discontent or so.

Hor. Be not, be counsaile, do not let dispaire,
Like the ranke canker bred by sultrie aire.

Eate this young Rose of beautie in the bud:

But in the Aprill Sunne of youthfull blood

Let the sweet blossome ripen, thrive and grow,

To those full ioyes which none but Louers know.

Co. The man talkes idely, tell me I am faire,
Louely and young.

Hor. You are, by lone you are,
Not faire, you are: Leanders paramour:

Compar'd with you was a swarth Blackamour

Your haire is softer then the Colchean Fleece,

Your well lim'd features, natures maister peece

Your eyes too Dyamonds, set in purer molde

Then rocks of currall, or the Indian gold.

In thy smooth chin there is an Iuorie pit,

Where blushing *Venus* and young Cupid sit,

Feathering of golden shafts, the wounding heads,

Made of thy amber-tresses finest threds.

Co. You will not buy me sure you praise me so.

D

Hor. Yet

Law-tricks, or

Hor. Yet faire, ile bid faire for you ere I goe,
Co. He that bids faire for me deceiues his eye.
Hor. By heauen a doth not.

Enter Horatio Page.

Co. Wilfull periurie, what meanes all this?
Hor. This my discourse intends,
Were husbands Saints, some wiues would haue close
friends.

Co. Some bad perhaps, but—
Hor. Husbands but for't, true, woot? prethee woot
thou?

Co. What?
Ho. Vd's Hartlings doe?
Co. Doe what?
Hor. Loue-tricks quickly, woo't thou prethee.
Con. No, I prize my credit.

Hor. Credit? life a man,
What talks of credit? art not knowne a strumpet?
Con. You doe me wrong.

Hor. Damnation, what a glosse,
This gilded copper, Diamond of glasse,
What strang shew it makes? ile giue you a color
Your face was nere worse painted, then ile paint
Your Wain-scot credit, you are a priuate bit,
Kept for some great made Diues. Red hot scandall
Suck the natiue colour of your soules
As it hath scorch'd thy credit, shriveld Baw'd,
Sponge, Lemon-pill, and more irrelishable
Then ore-dride Stock-fish, fie.

Co. Vpon thy shame.
Ho. Thy husband, O thy husbands bow-leg'd fame
Death I shall hate thee.

Co. O for honour doe.
Hor. Swear thou art my strumpet.
Co. Ile indure that to.

Hor. Shalt

whowould haue thought it.

Ho. Shalt not deny't, hart, canst not.

Con. Yes, I can.

Ho. Doo't for thy life, thy soule, basse curtezan. *Exit*

Co. Farwell, if friendship be at such a rate,
Before ile purchast, ile liue still in hate.

Pa. Hart, a new fashion,

A Lady poore, beaurifull and chaste? cleane
From the bias of Custome: to be poore, painted,
And proud is as comon in Genoa, as felt and feather
In the fortunate Iland: but chaste and poore,
As singuler and rare, as Conscience with the Ana-
baptist.

Con. Come hether Boy, didst neuer owe me seruice

Pa. Yes Madam, more then euer I paid you ho-
nestly, and were a not my Maister.

Con. Thy Maister, who?

Pa. Horatio, he that puts chastetie to the quick, &
honor to the stab, but ile shew him the nature of a
right French-man, deny him homage, forswear al-
legiance, and come behinde hand in cash keeping, &
with his owne purse maintaine you against him.

Con. Thy purpose brieflie. (tied,

Pa. In balde sentences, your noted wrongs are pit-

Con. Pittyed, by whome?

Pa. By me, lodgings prepar'd and dyet, which I
humbly tender your honor, as first payment of the an-
cient debt, my seruice owes you.

Con. But is the lodging priuate?

Pa. At mine owne mothers, and though I say't, she
keepe an honest house, though my father bee a Cic-
tizen.

Con. Of what profession?

Pa. Neither foole nor Philitian, but an ingenious
Pothecarie,

Con. And what resort?

Pa. Verie ciuil and moste quiet resort, patients, the
house

Law-tricks, or

house is set round with patients twice or thrice a day, and because theile be sure not to want drinke, euerie one brings his owne water in an Vrinall with him.

Con. Doth a vse phisicke too? that's beyond his warrant.

Pa. O Lord Madam, better men then hee straine curtesie with their warrants in this age, besides, you being muscicall, shall meet much content, for my mother lodges three or foure Knights & Ladies Daughters that practise musicke and needle-work, and wil no doubt be exceeding proud of your company, wilt please you walke?

Co. Thou art the Star, by whome my fate is led,
My shame's so publique, ide faine hide my head.

Exeunt

Actus Tertius.

Enter Count Lurdo and Winifride.

Lnt. **C**Vrrant in Law, & how encountred you.

Win. Ile tell you my good Lord (I thank my bringing vp. I can talke, I vse not to haue my tongue to seeke when it should pleasure anye man, especially my good Lord) I tolde her what a credit it was to haue a man of great credit, & that which is more, a skilfull Lawyer that can stand out in her case at a dead lift, and one that if need were, could make a crazy action sound, I put her in minde what it was to haue such a one to her sweet heart.

Ln. Thou speakst but right, for so I am indeede.

Wi. You are, I vrg'd it, and she confest to me that the verie first night shee saw you she dream't on you, and wisht you in her bed, and her bed in the midst of the Riuer.

Ln. How, ith the Riuer?

Win. Yes forsooth,

Ln. In the middle of the tide.

Win. Yes

whowould haue thought it.

Win. Yes in her dreame.

Lur. Good,

But she doth loue me.

Win. Beleeue it my Lord she doth, marrie you must thinke I drew her and drew her, and wrought her and wrought her, till I made her as plyant and, tratable as wax, marrie with all, she is as constant as Lucretia, and will not for a thousand pounds, till shee hath the law of her side.

Lur. I found her meaning, first ile gull my Nephew.

Win. Her intent right, she intends to make a Gull of the Prince, and an absolute Goole of you.

Lur. Still good in Law, ile fetch him ore of all, Get all, purse all, and be posselt of all, And then conclude the match, marrie at least, When can you tell? Ile vse her as a hand To picke the Princes coffers, and for reward To prison, marrie her, for tricks can doo't, (actions. The worlds squint-eyd, and dares not pric into our Here lyes her walke (my Lute Win) she shall see, Youthe's leaden footed in respect of me.

Play and daunce.

Enter Emilia.

Em. Win, prethee giue the Fidler a testar and send him packing, what a seraping the roague keepe? doe's a thinke the Count keeps a Tauerne or a Bawdie-house? my good Lord! beseech your honour pardon me.

Lur. No harme sweet Loue, how dost thou like this Caper?

Em. Passing wel my Lord, wil you never leaue these coltish tricks? but to the matter: I sent you my resolution by your Maid, haue you receiud it.

Lur. I haue, and it holds currant, Then tender me possession.

Law-tricks, or

Em. Of what?

Lur. Of thy chaste loue.

Em. Not too much hast for that, you haue a wife.

Lur. I had one.

Em. And still haue.

Lur. Thy loue shall quickly wed her to her graue,
I nere did loue her.

Em. When she was a maide

You swore you did, how soon poore youth's betraid
To helpless ruine: doe you loue me?

Lur. I faith.

Em. For how long?

Lur. Till death.

Em. O deadly lye.

He tell you iust how long, loue's bred i'th blood,

Prosperes as long as beauties in the bud.

When beautie withers, lustfull loue growes colde,

And ere it be halfe ripe, is rotten old.

If you haue me, you must not put on yellowes,

He haue my selfe, my seruants and my fellowes.

My loue, my liking, and a second me,

I loue to relish sweet varietie:

Your old wife mou'd you, I shall vex you more;

Take Coach with Gallants euen a fore your dore.

Take Rings, giue bracelets wouen of my haire,

Which to spight you, my Seruants arme shall weare.

He in your prefence sit vppon his knee,

Exchanging kisses if you speake to me.

He pout in scorne, crie mew, and looke aside,

At which, if you but frowne, he roundly chide,

I am not as I seeme, dissembling wit

Is my best meanes.

Lur. Square to my humour fit.

Em. I was a Beggar borne.

Lur. And so was I.

Em. Traded in lust and gaine full brothelrie.

Lur. The fitter for my turne, I was a man
Borne to no hopes, but a few shreds of wit

A Gra-

who would haue thought it.

A Grammer Scholler, then a Scriuener,
Dealing for priuate vse twixt man and man,
and by close broake age set them at debate:
Incenst them vnto Law, which to maintaine,
I lent them money vpon Lands and Plate,
After the rate of seauen-score in the hundred.
Then did I learne to countefeit mens hands,
Noble-mens armes, inrerline Euidences,
Make false conueyances, yet with a trick,
Close and cock-sure, I cony-catch'd the world.
Hauing scrap'd prettiue wealth, I fell in League
With my first wife, and (though I say't my selfe)
She had good dooings, her backe commings in
And priuate goings out, rais'd me aloft:
I followed cases of the law abroad,
and she wae merrie with her friends at home.

Em. Did you nere take her kissing?

Lur. Twentie times.

Em. Were you not Icalious?

Lur. Neuer nothing lesse.

Em. Yet saw her kisse with Strangers?

Lur. Kisse and play.

Em. And were you a Cuckold.

Lur. Cuckold by this light.

Em. What? a wittall.

Lur. And a Wittall too.

Em. And knew't?

Lur. And knew't.

Em. And sufferd it.

Lur. I did.

Lur. It went attirde in golde, a golden Crest,
Is a braue fashon, and accounted best,

Enter Wenefride.

Wen. Madam, my Lord.

Lur. What newes?

Wen. The Prince.

Lur. The

2

Law-tricks, or

Lu. The Prince.

Win. And Iulio.

Lur. Which way?

Em. Where?

Lu. From thence.

Win. That way the vault, from thence the priuare dore, as I stood Centinell at the further end of the Vault, they being vnacquainted with the turnings, came groping and feeling, as commonly men will doe specially in a strange place, and as I am true sinner, had I not spied the Diamōd on his finger (twinne, to this a my conscience) they had bene vpon me in the darke ere I had bene aware of them.

Lu. The Prince.

Win. And Iulio.

Em. Quick away.

Lu. What plot?

Em. Behinde the Arras? scapt behinde the Arras.

Lu. Behinde the Arras.

Em. Close, cocke, sure, bewise,
They onely thrine that best can temporize.

Enter Polymetis and Iulio.

Pol. A rare vault by this light, and neuer deuifd without the aduice of a grand Iurie of Bawdes, a word with your lips Tris.

Win. As god mend me Prince you smell bawdie.

Pol. Since I came into thy company Win. And how ist Tris? fore-God a prettie lodging.

Int. And verie faire hangings.

Pol. Passing good workman-ship, what storie is this Tris?

Em. Why my Lord? the Poeticall fiction of *Venus* kissing *Adonis* in the violet bed.

Iul. Fore-god tis true, and marke where the Cuc-koldly knaue *Vulcan* stands sneaking behinde the
brake

who would haue thought it.

brake bush to watch a'm.

Pol. A prettie conceit Iulio, doost see Vulcan with the hurning parenthesis in his fore-head! I hit indirectly vpon the least pap at three passes for a hundred Crownes.

Iul. Not for a hundred.

Pol. Ist a match?

Iul. Tis done, where will you take your stand?

Pol. Here, any where, hart has the Arras an ague, it trembles so?

Em. No, Vulcans fearefull.

Pol. And with a feare it comes, haue at the Cuckold.

Lnr. Oh!

Pol. Harke, the Arras is in labour.

Iul. Mas I heard something groane.

Poly. Ile be the Mid-wife and helpe to deliuer it.

Em. Sweet Prince.

Pol. Harke Wench, I smell Bores greafe.

Em. Will you but heare me?

Pol. Now excuse what trickes? *She whispers to him.*

Em. How? but a Picture? ile triethat presently, If you loue me, disfigure it not, I esteeme it onely for the liuely workmanship.

Pol. Then let me haue a sight on't.

Em. Vpon condition youle neither deface it with weapon, nor scile it with your breath—

Pol. On my Virginities maiden-head wee will not discover Lurdo behinde the Arras.

Iul. Hart at the Deuill, your Vncle.

Pol. O forbeare, fore God passing good workman indeede.

Em. Marke bnt the glance of his eye.

Iul. The hanging of his neither lip.

Pol. The blush of his cheekes.

Win. The curle of his haire.

E

Em. The

Lawtricks, or

Em. The pit of a chin.

Jul. What a smooth hand a hath?

Jul. Long fingers like a Lady.

Win. Not so much but a scale Ring.

Pol. Armes and all, viz a tame Gudgeon.

Em. And the foole swallows it rarely, & you marke him.

Pol. Is the numbe Asse insensible of Scoffes?
Ile touch him neerer, yet mine eye deceiues me,
And this be not Count Lurdoes counterfeit.

Jul. You may soone know that my Lord.

Pol. As How?

Jul. If it be his, a hath the Gowte in his left foote,

Pol. The verie same, his shoe is cut and all,
Farwell Tris, and yet ile startle him a little better a-
fore we leaue him, fore-god tis so like him, I doubt,
wether it be the shadow or his substance.

Jul. A blocke. *Em.* A shadow.

Win. A meere sencelesse stone.

Pol. Then tis a counterfeit.

Em. An absolute counterfeit, what doe you meane?

Pol. Marrie many Counterfeits walke in the like-
nesse of good mony, and so may this doe, which to
preuent ile naile him to a poast, for feare a passe currant
on your lips in my absence, and so deceiue me?

Em. Ile sweare a shall not, gentle Prince be short,
Length kills the heart of the meste feeling sport.

Pol. Well Maiden, I am content, this iest shall re-
priue your head for this once, but beware the next en-
counter, come Ariadnes clew, will you vnwinde, and
light vs through this vault of darkenesse, and theres
your *Naulum*.

Win. Thanke you my Lord, and your businesse
stand this way at midnight, ile let you in by this token,
and take this frō me, when you come againe, bring the
Lady

who would haue thought it.

Lady a Diamond, or some prettie & foolish stone, for I
cā tel you these same paultrie stones are in high request
amongst Ladies, especially such old mowfers as I haue
beene in my time, & as I say when you come, be not a-
sham'd to knock, and if I come not knocke lustely, and
again, and neuer giue ouer knocking till you heare my
hem, did you neuer know Wins hem?

Pol. Neuer.

Int. Why hast thou a priuate hem?

Win. Haue I? Ifaith sir I, few Gallants ith the town
that are of any standing at all, but are acquainted with
my hem, but come close my Lord, close, & besure the
next time you come you doe not forget to knock lusti-
ly,

Exeunt, manens Lurdo and Emilia

Em. My Lord.

Lu. My Loue, my life, oh thou art made
Out of the soule of wit, and thy conceits,
Of the best fashion.

Em. Did you taste the iest?

Lu. Diuinely, oh diuinely, tart and quick,
Pleasing, yet not tedious I was wrapt

Em. In a knaues skin,

Lur. My fences were entranc'd.

Em. Into a fooles Paradise.

Lur. Oh my sweet Phoenix, out of thy ashes.

Em. Is your loue so hot, you meane to burne me?

Lur. Oh lit honnyed me,

And then their numnesse, didst thou neuer reade
Of any Lawyer came to be Duke?

Em. Neuer, but I haue heard of a Cuckold that was an
Vsurper.

Lur. Why such a one would I be.

Em. What, a Cuckold?

Lur. Yes, and an Vsurper too.

Em. So you are, for you Lawyers vsurpe more crowns
then halfe a Countrie.

Law-tricks, or

Lur. Vlisses, Tully, Lawyers, but no Dukes.

Em. Menelaus and Vulcan were Cuckolds but no Lawyers.

Lur. Fore-meet is true, but now I doe remember nought to that purpose;

Em. The most lustfull Goates
Weare guilded hornes, and goe in Veluet Coates.

Enter Win.

Lur. Whatnewes Win?

Win. Faith ordinarie household newes, yonders a wel
fac'd Gentleman craues a may change a word with
you.

Lur. His name?

Win. Horatio.

Lur. Leaue vs to confer. *Exeunt ambo*
A trustie friends, the soules high Treasurer.

Enter Horatio

In dumps Horatio? what, my second selfe clouded
with passion?

Hor. O my honor'd Lord,
Our soules and our affections are made all of one fashion
now the slightest wrong that scars the reputation of my
friend, stabs daggers to my heart.

Lur. I know it true, and I can proou't,
Our loues are twinnes,
But to the wrong, dares any idle tongue
Barke at our greatnes?

Hor. Yes.

Lur. Their names?

Hor. Your wife.

Lur. My wife? the manner?

Hor. Mongst her lustfull Mates,
She shame's not to giue out, that by your greatnesse,
knowledge, credit, and friends in highest place,
You haue diuorc'd her without due desert.

Lur. We must demurre of this, ile haue a trick

By

whowould haue thought it.

By way of Habeas Corpus to remoue
This talking Gossip, come Horatio,
Some proiect, how? what course for her remoue:

Hor. I cannot counsell, but fore-god my Lord,
My lodgings mightily annoy'd with rats,
That eate my papers and deface my books
How should I rid them.

Lur. Easily, poison them,
And well remembred, this she Rat my wife,
That eates and teares the leaues of my reputē,
Shall taste like speeding Phisicke in thine eare,
Canst temper poison?

Hor. Yes.

Lur. And kill a Rat.

Hor. That she shall neuer swell on't.

Lur. Mum for that,
This she Rat is a Deuill.

Hor. A Limbe of Sathan.

Lur. Enuy.

Hor. Destruction.

Lur. Mallice.

Hor. Ratsbane doo't?

Lur. Ere my disgrace get age, rare tricks and I
Will foole the world, woo't, doo't?

Hor. The Rate shall die. *Exeunt severally.*

*Enter Countesse, three or foure yong Gentle-
women, sowing by an houre-glasse.*

Con. Quick prettie Damsels, that your task were done
The fore-noones eldest minutes almost runne.

1 Gen. Then the glasse runs to fast.

Con. I thinke not so;

Hadst thou my cares, thoudst think it ran too slow.

2 Gen. I haue my taske forsooth.

Co. So haue not I.

Law-tricks, or

Yet with these sands my sorrowes run away
I turne them with the glasse, the glasse is run,
Yet my hudge masse of cares is scarce begun,
Here's a fault, little one what worke make you.

1 *Gen.* True stitch forsooth.

Count. Then see you worke it true.

3 *Gen.* Pray madam teach me to take out this knot
Of hearts ease.

Count. Hearts ease, I have almost forgot,
I could haue wrought it well when I was young:
But in good sadnesse, I haue had none long.
What's that?

2 *Gen.* A branch of Rue.

Count. A comon weede,
of all herbes else I worke that well indeede,
how chance your flower is behinde the glasse?

2 *Gen.* Indeede Ile get it vp:

Count. Indeede alas.

I cannot chide with her, yet tyrant care,
At my intreate will not one sight forbear:

2 *Gen.* Why sigh you madam?

Count. Oh I greue to see,
Youth run to cath at their owne misery.
You are like Aprill or Rose buds in May,
You neuer wither, till the wedding day,
Euen so did I, so pretty soules will you,
Youth wears mild Hearts ease, marriage bitter Rue.

2 *Gen.* Be not so sad, good madam, do but smile,
Weele haue a song sad sorrow to beguile.

Cantant. *Enter Horatio.*

Her. Saue you faire Ladies, madam, my businesse
leads me to you.

Exc. cetera.

Count. If in your antient suite,
My cares are deafned and my vtterance mute.

Ho. Your care, be wood, what shold beget this coy nes
were

who would haue thought it.

Were I a stranger, or some Citty Gull
I would comend thee, but I know the worlde,
Lodging is costly, maintenance askes charge:
Thou art diuorc'd and hast no other helpe,
But thy bare comings in: accept my Loue,
I will allow thee twenty pound a quarter.
To buy thee Pinnes.

Count. Leauē this ymodest suite.
Or by my honor——

Hor. Come, these words of course
My fame, myne honor, and my deare respect:
Are but like *ignes fatui* to delude,
Greene and vnseason'd wits, pry thee be kinde,
A guilded slip carryes as faire a show,
As perfect gold, guilt honor may do so

Count. But put your slip to triall, the slight gold,
Is soone rubd of:

Hor. Come, thy distinctions solde
Let not thy Aprill bewty like a Rose,
Fade in the bud, and ripened pleasures lose,
My sword thy honor: thy estate my purse,
Shall man and strenghten,

Count. I detest that course.

Hor. Your husband hath a sweete heart:

Count. For his ill.

Shall I turne traitor & myne own fame kill?

Hor. Tis dead already, euery idle tongue,
Stabs it to death.

Count. I haue the greater wrong. (good

Hor. Thou wrongst thy selfe & spurnst thy proper
Am I not youthfull & my wanton blood
Daunceth within my vaines, and blushing, Courts
Thy generous bewty to more amorous sports,
You shall not choose.

Count. hands of.

Hor. I loue thee deere.

Count. I hate thee deadly.

Hor.

Law-tricks, or

Hor. Dooſt thou?

Con. Shall I ſwear?

Ho. No, ile beleue thee Phoenix of thy ſex,
I glorie in thy vertues, and reueale,
What by my oath I promiſd to conceale.
Your iealous husband vrgde me to this tryall,
Pawning his oath vpon your ſtrict denyall,
all baſtard Iealoſie ſhould be exile,
and antient loue entirely reconcilde.
I touch'd your heart, and now I finde it true,
Ile giue you notice, ile impoiſon you.

Co. Thou ſpeak'ſt all comfort.

Hor. I was made of hope.
and rich perſourmance waits vpon my words.

Con. Father of my faire fortunes, whoſe rich loue
begets this reuniting covenant,
When comes this long expected ſealing day?

Hor. To morrow, the houre eight.

Con. Certaine?

Hor. As life.

Con. Then follow mee to feaſt,
Thy newes Horatio is the Welcomſt gueſt. *Exie*

Hor. Swell heart, hold boſom, yeeld not to relent,
and yet her beautie, colourable traſh,
Her vertues, vengeance Hypocriticall,
I loue her, furie, poiſon, Hidraes gall,
Impatience man me, blacke damnation
Vſher my praſtiſe, poyſon play thy part,
and doe my lateſt greetings to her heart.
We all muſt downe, yet here the difference lyes,
Many for ſins, ſhe for her vertue dyes. *Exit.*

, Albus Quartus.

Enter Polymetes, Iulio, Horatio, Emilia & Pages

Pol. **T**riſtella.

Em. **I** My Lord?

Pol. Good wine needes no buſh, nor a good face
painting

whomould haue thought it.

payting thou art fauour of thy selfe, and what thou
cost is not vnder a colour.

Em. I know no other paynter but one, and her name
is modestie, and she sometimesthrowes a blush into my
face to make my pale cheeks red, but els you shall ne-
uer take mee for an Aldermans poast.

Po. Why an Aldermans poast?

Em. Marke but where great poasts are newly pain-
ted, you shall see much egresse & regresse in and out,
& where you see a face newly okered, tis a signether's
great traffique, & much stirring to and fro.

Po. Come sit, sit, nay neerer, neerer, neerer yet.

Em. Then I shall sit vpon your skirts.

Po. Iulio and Horatio, what shal's haue to supper?
I am now in the spending wayne.

Em. Then God for meer what make I so meere?

Po. Good action, you shall not remoue, I learnt
that phrase of myne vnckle, boy, know what Adam
hath bespoken for our palates.

Where there a banquet to be had,
More rare and deere, then that Vitellius made:
It shoulde be seru'd in, but Horatio,
What shal wee eate that's costly, and that's rare?

Ho. A roasted Phoenix were excellent good for that
Lady.

Em. And why for that Ladye.

Ho. Fare ech'd and deere bought, is good for
you know hwo.

Em. For Ladyes.

Ho. I for Ladyes.

Em. Then the most cheape stiffe, and next to hand
is good for you know who.

Ho. For knaues.

Em. I for knaues.

Enter the Page and Adam.

Lu. Adam what haue you ready.

F

Ad. Sir

Law-tricks, or

Ad. Sir you may haue a Calueshead.

Em. here's a Gentleman hath one in his hat already,
no more. Calues head I pray thee .

Ps. Hast any Pheasants or Partridges?

Ad. No, but if your Lord-shipe will haue a dish of
Woodcocks.

Em. No for God-sake, they are the stalest meate with
me of any , for I neuer sit to meate with these gal-
lants , but there's Woodcocks cleane through the
table.

Ad. Then vnlesse you will haue a Dotrell or a
Gull.

Em. A Gull? why which of these Gent. woot thou
scue in? do you not heare how *Adams* flouts you?

Ad. I meane a Sea-gull bakt.

Em. I in any case lets haue that ; I haue fed my wit
on many a land-Gull, once let mee banquet my selfe
of a Sea-gull, some Sea Captain, I lay my life that has
a desire to sup with mee, but such as thou hast, I prithee
be brieft

Ps. Lay the table in the with-drawing roome.

Ad. I will sir, your honor can haue no Larks Ile as-
sure you.

Poll. And why?

Ad. Two Citizens sonnes and a Poet bought vp all
ith towne, flung away the bodies onely to haue a pye
made of the braines.

Enter Duke Ferneze disguised.

Emi. A signe either they lackd braines, or else they
did it becaufe they would beare a braine.

Fer. Twas tolde me that the young Lord Polymetes
Was entred here.

Ps. He that so tolde thee fellow tolde thee true.

Fer. I cry

who would hau thought it.

Fer. I cry your Lordship mercy, let this letter
Supply th'vnwilling office of my tongue,
And be the sad reporter of my newes.

Pol. What ominous newes can Polimetes daunt?
Haue we not Hyren heere?

Fer. Ouid not all thy Metamorphosis
Can shew such transformation, oh my God!
It is not possible, (is this my sonne?)
A has mistooke himselfe, my life a has,
For the seauen liberall sciences, a reades,
The seauen blacke deadly finnes.

Must you needes sonne turne ouer these linnen leaues
hauing such store of paper? this is miraculous.

Pol. Newes, newes my hearts will make your iocund
soules daunce in your bosomes, now which ioyfull
tongue amongst you all cries first God saue the Duke?
God saue Duke Polymetes.

In. The newes is not so happy.

Pol. Tush looke here.

Fer. My Lord I'me sorry for your heauinesse.

Pol. Thou shouldst haue said so to a Porter that's
heauy loaden.

But come, sit, sit in councell, let's deuize
How to spend all this countlesse masse of wealth,
My father hath bequeath'd mee at his death,
Quite from the popular and vulgar garbe,
We will be ode in all things, and retaine
No common humor in our large expence.

Fer. An honorable minde, and were your father
A liue to note these hopefull parts in you,
How would it moue him and surprize his heart?
But now my lord: my message being done,
I must returne: me glad I haue found your sonne.

Pol. For thy good newes take that along with thee,
Looke here Tris, would not these (Exit Duke,
Make notable states-mē? methinks state steals vpo me.

Law tricks, or

Em. And I haue knowne some steale state.

Pol. Then they came neuer truely by it as I doe, but
pergite porro, methinkes I could make an indifferent
careles Duke.

Lu. And I could make a notable Courtier, methinks
I am begging alreadie.

Pol. O myne Vncle would make an Excellent Court
spaniell, he would sent out offices & conceald lands, a
hundred mile of, and a were my casheere but twentie
yeares, I durst change liuings with him.

Em. But what imployment for *Horatio*?

Pol. O, he would make a good grumbling surly po-
litician, thou shalt be my politician.

Ho. I shall neuer be lou'd.

Lu. Not lou'd, your reason?

Lu. I hate the base and rascall multitude,
I cannot nod, ride bare-head through the streetes,
Nor wreath my body like a Cable Hat-band
To euerie Pedler and mechannick Townes-man,
I hate the poore, am enuious at the rich,
Loue none.

Pol. Yes, women.

Hor. Faith after a sort, I loue a good smooth face.

Em. Then you loue mine.

Hor. And fortie more.

Pol. I muse yoe doe not marrie.

Hor. I would to night, vpon condition
That I might burie her to morrow, God Boy.

Pol. Fill him some wine.

Ho. I cannot drinke, god boy.

Pol. It is not poyson'd.

Hor. Hum, I cannot tell,
The Countesse drunke and dide.

Pol. Come, come.

Hor. Farwell.

Pol. Still in the bags of Melancholly, pax on't, tis
staler

who would haue thought it.

ler then Tobacco, not so much but the singing Cobl-
ler is growne melancholly, and correctes shoes in hus-
mour, sic ont, come sit, we must talke about many mat-
ters, *Rino*, Ile bee singuler, my Royall expence shall
run such a circular course that the Rascall spawne of
Imitators shall split their wooden braines, and sinke
their wealth in the Gulfe of prodigalitie, and yet like a
bad Archers shaft, fall fixescore short of their ayme, my
expence shall be royall and peculiar.

Em. Ile fashion you a course.

Pol. Diuinely, come.

Em. Diuinely indeede, serue God, liue honestly, rel-
lish not Atheisme.

Pol. Thats cleane out of the fashion indeede.

Inl. Then good.

Pol. Because out of the fashion, set downe that Adam

Ad. Tis done

Inl. I hau't my Lord, I haue't yfaith.

Pol. Nay quickly, how?

Inl. Weele keepe no Pages.

Pol. Excellent, that's cleane out of the fashion for Pa-
ges, that's good, that stands, downe with it Adam.

Ad. Tis done sir.

Inl. Weele vse no great Horses.

Pol. How shall we ride then?

Hor. On Mules and shee Asses.

Em. Downe with that Adam.

Pol. But, for my traine, for a Page with Pages.

Em. Maintaine a hundred Gallants at your heeles,
Liue in the Countrie, entertaine agen
Into the Court, long-banish'd hospitalitie,
Who since the first great hose with Codpeeces grewe
out of fashion neere durst shew his head.

Pol. Another, set it downe, ile spend after fortie po d
a day, ile see which of my cheuerill braind imitators
dares follow my fashion: sblood I cannot drinke To-

Lamtricks, or

hacco two daies, but the third the Churchwardens & Aldermen are at it in the Alehouse in sermon time, I cannot weare a sute halfe a day but the Tailors Iournyman creepes into't: I cannot keepe a block priuate, but every Cittizens sonne thrusts his head into it: I cannot keepe a wench but every grands Jurors sonne in the Countre imitates me, I care not if I make it petty treason for any man to kisse vnder ten pound a Kisse.

Ad. Oh my Lord, twill neuer passe icht the Lowerhouse, they will not loose their libertie of kissing.

Her. Then keepe a leash of Wenches.

Pe. As common as cracking of nuts, not a setuing-man, but doth as much.

Iul. Fore-god I hau't, peculiar I haue't.

Pol. What ist Iulio?

Iul. Your honour shall keepe no wenches at all.

Em. No wenches? what shall become of me then?

Pol. I must be round with you Tris, you must pack, many women they say are common, and ile entertaine nothing that sauors of Communitie, I will not diuulge.

Em. Nay, but hark you my Lord, though you maintaine me, you doe not lye with me, and I thinke that's the newer fashon.

Pol. Foregod the newest of all, for there's not a gallant maintaines his wench but a will lye with her, downe with that Adam.

Ad. Tis done.

Enter Ioculo the Page.

Ioc. My Lord my Lord, the Duke your father with a great traine is comming.

Pol. From heauen or hell.

Ioc. That's more then I knowe, but by the faith of a page, or the worde of a Gent. which you will, hee is a-riud and in great state entred the Cittie.

Iul. Zounds

who would haue thought it.

Lu. Zounds wheres the slaue that brought the false report of his death?

Pol. But art sure tis my father?

Loc. Or else your Mother did you the more wrong, shift for your selues, for he is come.

Pol. My father aliue and come home, haue a me what shift? come home & finde the Court turnd Ale-house Dicing-house, Dauncing schoole, I am vndone horse and foote.

Em. Some *Resolis* or *Aqua mirabilis* ho, for our generall coward's in a swoone.

Ps. I know you are a hot shot in a feather-bed Tris, but that will not serue turne now, therefore fall off, the enemye is too strong, deede Tris, euerie Lambe to his fold, and Cony to her Borough, for the olde Foxe is abroad no, wilt not bee? why then God a mercyes braine.

Cedant arma togæ, my gowne and booke boy, some sudden deuise to keepe him back halfe an houre, and win my good opinion for euer.

Loc. And I doe not, let mee die of the bastinadoe.
Exeunt.

Enter Duke Ferneze, Angelo, and other Nobles attendants.

Duke. Lords, make a stand, I wonder that our Sonne glads not our wisht arriuall with his presence.

Ang. No doubt my Lord, his honorable care, Is not acquainted with your sudden landing.

Duke. We take it so, and whilst our selfe in person Enquire the cause, attend vs in the Hall, Little thinkes he his father is so neere, But vnexpected, ile goe startle him, And put his wit vnto the present tryall.

Enter

Law-tricks, or

Enter Ioculo.

Pag. where's the Prince?

Io. my most honor'd Lord?

In private conference with an English peast,

Du. An English peast?

Io. An English post my Lord: the effect of his letters I know, not but I heard him begin a most strange discourse.

Du. Of what I prithee?

Io. Please your honor take a turne or two, I shall relate (quickly my Lord) heereports there fell such an Inundation of waters in the moneth of Iuly, about the third of dog-dayes, that the Owers and Scullers that vse to worke in the Thames, rowd ouer houses & landed their faires in the middle Ile of Paules.

Du. Ist possible?

Io. Vey easely possible (sfoot quickly) and more the fishermen that rid betweene Douer and Calis, tooke red spurlin, and the Mackerell in the midst of the Exchange, which made mutton so cheepe and stale, that it is thought the better halfe of the townesmen will run horne mad about it.

Du. It cannot be.

Io. Not be? why looke you sir,

Du. Nay.

Io. But heare the conclusion, iust on Saint Lukes day coming shalbe a twelue-month, Westminster & Winchester, drinking a quart of wine together on Salisbury-playne fell into hard words and strange termes, there was thou knaue and I knaue, and such foule words, as if tow young Barristers had bene breathing their wits for a wager, (sfoot make an ende) now it was thought Westminster stood most vpon his termes, yet in the end Winchester got one of his best termes from

who would haue thought it.

from him spight on his teeth, which so vext Westminster, that it grew to a deadly fewd, which was so hottly pursu'd that the taking vp of the matter cost many broken heads.

Dr. How.

Jn. So sir, (sfoot not done yet?) and had not Charing-crosse a tall bow legd Gent: taken vp the matter, tis thought Westminster stones would haue bin too hot for some of them: and in parting the fray, Charing-crosse got such a box o' the eare, that hee will carry it to his deathday, some say a got awry neck by parting the fray, marry Winchester sayes flatly, a got a creeck in his neck, with looking westward for Termers.

Dr. Thou shouldst haue tolde me.

Lv. Of the English poast: why looke you my Lord, the poast comming in poast-hast to shew his duty to the Prince, stumbled at a post that lay in his way and broke his sinister shanck, and so I breake of my discourse and bid your honor welcome home. *Exit*

Dr. What a strange tale is here? of flouds and hills of Charing-crosse, Termes, and I know not what: and when I loo'd for the conclusion.

A breaks of all and leaues me in a Cloud.

Enter Iulio.

Dr. There is some trick in't, honor d'Iulio?

Jn. Health to my Soueraigne.

Dr. How fares our Sonne?

Haue your inducements drawn him from his humor?

Jn. Faith my Lord I haue done a childe's part, and almost spent a childe's part, to draw him to society, but tis labor lost.

Dr. What is his businesse with the English poast?

Lv. The English poast my Lord? your grace is
G merry.

Law-tricks, or

merry.

Dn. His boy informd mee a held conference,
Eout serious matters with an English poast.

In. Alas my Lord, the boy is lunatique.

Dn. How lunatique? and a fore'god me thought
A tolde a mad discourse, but th'occasion.

In. Itell you my Lord, comming a bruptly as
your honor or any else may do to the Princes cham-
ber, about some ordinarie seruice, a found him in
his study, and a company of botlnord Deuils
dauncing the Irish hay about him, which on the
sudden so startled the poore boy, as a cleane
lost his wittes, and euer since talkes thus idle, as
your Excelence hath heard him

Dn. But tell mee doth my sonne conuerse with
Deuils?

In. As familiarly as you and I, they are his only
company keepers, when a hath bene duld at his
study, I haue knowne a Deuill and hee play at
Ticktack for phillips, by the whole day together.

Dn. Tis passing strange, but may wee without
danger go neere his study?

In. At your honor's pleasure,

Discover Polymetes in his study.

In. See where a fits, be Patient and obserue.

Pa. preuented still? now by *Medusae's* snakes,
And black *Erinns*, euer burning lampe,
If all the skill in pyromantique rules,
Deep Eromancy, or the pretious soule,
Of Germanique spells and Characters
Grauen in the swa'fale of our mother earth,

Can

who would haue thought it.

Can worke this strange atcheiuement,

Ang. How his braine sweates in pursuite of learning

Duk. Oh attend.

Poly. The first house is vulgariz'd, the Horoscop or Angle of the Orient, and his Ascendant betokeneth beginning of life, Marchandise, marriage and—

Duk. Lets breake him off.

Jul. So please your excellence.

Poly. The second and third house, the third House is cadent from the Angle of the Orient, and Ascendant to the Angle Septentrionall, signifying Fathers Sisters and Daughters absent and lost, Daughters and fathers lost; here then I finde my demaund, the Maid lost my Sister, thus then I proportion my figure, there I place my witnesses, and heere my Iudge, and thus proceede to the Inuocation.

Jul. Renowned Prince, Prince Polymetes, zoundes Prince.

Poly. Discourteous Iulio, giue my studdie leaue.

Jul. Hart not a iot, the Duke your father.

Poly. Ile make my father ioyfull by my toile,
Had not thy folly interrupted me,
My hopes ere this had met their period.

An. Your princely father.

Poly. O torment me not with his remembrance.

Jul. S'blood hee's safe returnd.

Poly. O would a were, then should not Genozes Crowne,

For want of strong supportance be prest downe.

Is not enough, that like a harmeles Prince

Spending my houres in Contemplation,

I let you holde the ruines of gouernment.

Vnfit for me, my father hath a deepe

And searching iudgement that can brush and sweepe

Law-tricks, or

such idle brayn'd and antique Parasites,
Forth of his presence, pray your absence,

Du. I can but smile to see how Protheus like,
They turne the shape of their discourse & proiect,
Thinking to leade me in an idle maze,
after their folly, well, Ile temporize,
and note the issue, come my Lords let's in,
His humour's grounded, and like subtile fier:
The more suppress't, it mounts so much the hier.

Lu. Why so, this iest came smoothly of and was not
soild in the working *Exeunt.*

Pe. That boy is worth his waight in pearle, dist
marke what a tale of a Cceck and a Bull, he tolde my
father whilst I made thee and the rest away, by a bill
of Conueyance at his back?

Lu. And I did simple Knights seruire in perswading
the Duke the boy was lunatique.

Pe. twas admirable, doth not this iest deserue to be
chronicled?

Lu. No by my troth, yet I must needs say, some as
bad haue bin, for how soeuer our practise passe currant
with your father for the present, our villanyes must
needs break forth, they are so notorious and publique.

Pe. No matter let'am, haue not we brayns? brayns
and they be well minde are sauce for any meate, let
mine vncle turne Turke and break forth, let the
whole towne turne cuckold and blow their hornes
in our disgrace, I haue brains, let the Sunne and the
seauen Stars be oppos'd, I haue brayns for that too
my present wit shall giue'am all the lye in their
throates, and mayntayne it at pocket, dagger, and pi-
stoll when I haue done.

Enter

whowould haue thought it.

Enter Horatio page.

Is. A mourner boy? what solemne funerall,
Hath hung that sable liuery on thy back?

Pa. Her death my Lord that hath cut out the like,
For both your honors, the Countesse is decaist.

Pol. Then will my vncle be a hauy mourner.
But how the manner of her death?

Pa. Ile tell your honor that hereafter and giue you
the ground of an admirable ieast.

Pol. And we play not true moals and worke it out of
the ground, let me dye of the greene-sicknesse.

Is. The ground then comes?

Pa. No Ile tell you that in priuate, the life of a iest
thriues in the first reuealing, it concernes the manner
of your avnts death and a law-trick of your vncle.

Pol. Come to the solemperites, and weepe at least
those being ended wele receiue your iest. *Exeunt.*

*Solemne Musique to a funerall song the Herse borne ouer
the stage, Duke Lurdo, Polymetes, Angelo, Iulio,
Horatio and mouners &c. Exeunt.*

Manet Horatio.

Ho. What is a man; hart a the Deuill meere fools,
His rich inuention, Machiuilian plots:
Idle illusiue antick phantasies.
Apelles grapes, I had as full a brayne,
Fertile inuention and as forward hopes,
As man could father, or his wit bring forth:
Yet in a minute in bubbles age,
The venomd fury of a bitter spleene,
Confounded all, forgetfull that I was,
Women are moulded out of bashfulnesse:
And must be drawne to kindnesse by degrees.
All this I knew.

Enter Count. Lurdo.

Lur. Neither the Law nor I,

G 3

Know

Law-tricks, or

Know any reason why Horatio.
But mum, Law-tricks as closely as I can,
Mine ear shall drinke his meditation.

Hor. Had she surviv'd Time——

Lur. Might have found vs out,
Good, firme in Law, I am a foo'le to doubt,
His constant secrecie.

Hor. But now shee's dead.

Lur. The deepest wit could not have bettered,
Our smooth conveyance, but vpright and streight,
Vnknowne, vnseene, ile worke vpon conceit. *Exit*

Hor. Had she bene living, golden promises,
The smoothe Attorneys to a Louers tongue
Might have in time solicited my suite,
Guiftes might have pleaded, mournfull Elegies,
Told her my passions, had she bene compolde
Of Steele or flint, nay, made of womens hearts,
The most obdurate mettle, Time and Art,
But she is dead, oh hell! and in her tombe.
My hopes are buried.

Enter count Lurds againe.

Lur. My conceited braine,
Hath an odde crotchet call'd me backe againe.

Hor. To all these bad mis-fortunes should the Count
vie any trickes?

Lur. Ha? a talkes of trickes,
Of count and tricks, for trickes and count are twinns.

Hor. Yet I regard not.

Lur. I am right and streight.

Hor. Say a complaine?

Lur. Suppoise he tell the Duke he gaue the poison.

Hor. He contriu'd her death, and cannot wrong me,

Lur. Fie, I feare him not,

He doth but father, what my braine begot. *Exit.*

He. This comfort yet which many want I haue,
To follow my faire fortunes to the graue. *Exit*
Allus

who would haue thought it.

ACTUS QUINTUS.

*Enter Horatio's Page with a Theeues
Lanthorne.*

Page. **O**H, shall I venter? ha, shall I enter?
Shield me Appollo, the ground is so hollow
That euerie step I treade vpon it,
Me thinkes it sings a dead mans Sonnet.
Fates, oh Fates be honest Drabs,
Feare giues me ten thousand stabs,
I dare not further, tis wilfull murther,
Thus late to treade the cloyster vaults.
For though i'me small, I haue great mens faults,
Then gentle Fates, take some remorse,
I watch an honest, kinde, quick course,
Graunt that no Hobgoblins fright me,
No hungrie deuils rise vp and bite me:
No Vrchin, Elues, or drunkards Ghoasts,
Shoue me against walles or postes,
O graunt I may no black thing touch,
Though many men loue to meete such.
But heere's the tombe, my hopes suffizing,
I watch a dainrie Duckes vprising,
Her cheekes now are chilly, as is the pale lilly, (Roses)
But when her eye vncloses, theile looke like two faire

Enter Horatio with a light.

A light my maister? or some spright,
Yet What neede Deuils haue candle-light,
Tis he, all hid, ile not be scene,
For once this tombe shall be my screen.

He hides himselfe.

Hor. I cannot rest, my guilt keepes ope mine eyes,
My passion rips my bosome, and my Blood
Is turn'd to poysoned water, and so swels,
That my vext soule, endures a thousand hels.
If I chance slumber, then I dreame of Serpents,
Toades,

Law-tricks, or

Toades, altogether, and such venomous euils,
As hale me from my sleepe like forked Deuils,
Midnight, thou *Aethiope*, *Empresse* of black soules,
Thou general Bawde to the whole word, I salute thee,
Withing thy poison dropt vpon my braine,
For my so rude, so rash, so heedeles murther,
In the ambition & the height of lust,
Not giuing my blood libertie to coole.
To poison such a beautie, O black Fate !
Thus many killd, too soone repent too late.
Soft, stay, this sames the chilly monument,
That huggs her bodie in his marble armes.
Thou gentle soule of my deceased loue ?
O, wert but possible to inioy thy voice,
Thy sweet Harmonious voice, I should be blest,
But Eene to daily with thy silables,
O tombe.

Pa. No tombe but *Cesterne* fild with teares.

Ho. O heart !

Pa. No heart, but sinke of greefe and feares.

Hor. Countesse, soule shaddow, shadow speak again.

Pa. Speake agen.

Hc. What should I speake , my hate, or thy huge wrongs ?

Pa. Hudge wrongs.

Hor. Hudge wrongs indeede, but charitable soule,
What ran some shall I pay thee for thy life ?

Pa. Thy life.

Ho. My life ?

Pa. I, I life.

H. Discourteous ayre,
My blood is frozen with dispaire.

Pa. Dispaire.

Hor. Pardon forgiue me, shall I goe ?

Pa. I goe.

Hor. But shall your hate pursue me, I or no ?

Pa. No.

who would haue thought it.

Pa. No.

Hor. Adieu, my greefe and ile go sleepe.

[*Pa.* Pray God my tongue can my hearts coulfe keep

Pa. Ha? are you vanisht? let me see, a may be fallen
a sleepe against some pillar, for ile be sworn a talk'd ve-
rie idely, *Abus decessit enasit erupit*, I would fain know
that Wag that can put me down for a womans Ghoast
extempore, especially if it were to be performde vnder
a tombe cloath, but heere lay the desperate venter, had
she chaunc'd to haue risen, and spoke before hir qu,
as about this time she must tise, or my sleepe drinke
plaies, the drowfie companion with her.

Enter Horatio againe.

Hart a me, my maister againe, what crosse points are
these? I see I must betake me to my late refuge.

Hor. It was no Ghoast, subtile opinion,
Working in mans decayed faculties,
Cuts out and shapes illusive fantasies,
And our weak apprehensions like wax,
Receiue the forme, and presently conuey
Vnto our dull imagination.
And hereupon we ground a thousand lyes,
As that we see Devils ratling their chaines,
Gastes of dead men, varietie of spirits,
When our owne guiltie conscience is the hell.
and our black thought, the Cauerns where they dwell:
Yet sure this was her shadow, for I heare
Her last words sound still dauncing in mine eare.
Then gentle soule, if thou beest yet vnthronde,
Ansvere one question and no more.

Pa. No more?

Hor. May my hearts true repentance faillie,
My wilful murther, your replie.

Pa. I.

H

Ho. Thanks

Lawtricks, or.

Ho. Thanks, thousand thanks, and so farewell.

Pa. Farewell.

Ho. The bane of murder is dispaire and hell. *Exit.*

Pa. Was euer poore little knaue put to his last trumps as I am? what shall I do now? my heart goes pit a pat in my belly like a paire of washing beetles, should a returne again now, as my hand to a Lobster-pye a will, all the Fat were in the fier, but harke tis one a clock, and iust about this minute she should play the wagtaile and stur.

Count. What trance was this? where am I?

Pa. Oh she speaks, Fates and be good girles keepe my maister away, and let his man haue a little sport with his mistresse.

Count. What place is this? am I in heauen or no.

Pa. No.

Count. What voice is that? is this place earth?

Pa. Earth.

Count. Earth? how came I hither? do I liue again?

Pa. Liue again.

Count. What voice is that? a woman or some youth?

Pa. Youth.

Count. My feares will murther me, my powers are frighted.

Pa. Ahlas poore stirring ghost art ouer sprighted,

Count. Boy.

Pa. mestresse.

Count. Tell mee.

Pa. all and more anon.

The sleepy drink hath plaid the honest man,

Count. What sleepy drink? how came I in this tembe?

Pa. Ile tell you that in a more priuate roome,

Away Ile tell you a strange wonder,

Then wintes lightning, or Christmas thund er,

Then to my fathers trip and go,

Nimble preuention ont runs woe.

Exeunt.

Enter

who would haue thought it.

*Enter Fernex, the Duke, Count, Lurdo, Angelo, Horatio
and Adam with others attendants.*

Du. No more of mourning brother, we haue laid
Our timelesse sorrowes in a quiet graue,
When men interre their comfort let them weepe:
Not when their crying charme is laide to sleepe.

Ln. Great Duke mine eyes are not thus great with
teares,

For our griefes funerall, but that her shame,
And future scandall will out liue her name,

Du. Come let mirth kill it, and to your discourse,
Is our sonne growne vnto that height of riot
Your speeches intimate.

Ln. Your highnest knowes,
I know the law, if I haue wrongd the Prince,
I stand in compas of a pramonie,
And he by writte of *ad quod dampnum* may,
sue his recouery, I know the law.

Du. Nay his owne letter partly graunts as much,
But note his subtile reason, here a writs,
That of set purpose a laid by himsele,
And plaid the parte of a wilde prodigall,
Onely to put your loue vnto the test,
On which aduantage to igrese his wealth,
You did indeare him to society,
Of carelesse wantons and light Curtezans,
Made secret vaults and cellers vnder ground.

Ln. *Nō tenet in bocardo* I demurre,
Do but send out your *terrum summoheas*,
Or capias ut legatum to attach,
And bring him *vina voce* tongue to tongue,
And *vi & armis* Ile reuenge this wrong.

Du. Leauē that to triall, here a further writtes,
That by his skill and praetize in black Art,
He hath found out and by much toile redeemd,
My daughter from the Turkish seruitude.

H 2

Ln. Redeemd

Lawtricks, or

Lo. Redeemde your daughter! an apparent error,
Which you by way of *melius inquirendum*.
May soone discuse, he ran some home your daughter
As sure as I made cellers vnder ground,
Or playd his pandar.

Du. How soere it prone,
I meane to try the vtmost of his wit,
To see how quaintly he can beare himselfe:
But who comes here.

Enter Emilia.

Ad. Marry my good Lord, this is the greene bur,
that stuck so close to the young Princes sleeue, the
shoemakers cutting knife, that fitted his boots to the
prodigalls last.

Lo. If I be *compromentis*, this is free,
Must play your daughters part, my Lord beware,
Worke close cock sure, I se the gin the snare.

Em. Most reuerend father.

Lo. Father? now it fits,
Ware an olde Fox, Duke I haue braynes I haue wits.

Du. Immodest impudent and shameles girle,
Is't not enough thou hast mis-led my sonne,
And wrong his reputation?

Em. How wrongd him father? I must needs say I
haue playd Will with the wispe with my brother and
haue led him vp and downe the maze of good fellow-
ship, till I haue made his wit and his wealth both
turne sick but for any other wrong, I appeale to him-
selfe, my vncke honelt *Intrio* where is a? and all the rest
of this good Audience, therefore pray good father.

Du. Out of my sight, thou art no childe of myne,

Em. Y'are the more beholding to some of your neigh-
bours, tut mā looke on mee well, here's your nowne
nose, and thuck kissing lip vp and downe, and my
mother

who would haue thought it.

mother were liuing, she would neuer busse you more,
till you confest I were your daughter.

Dn. What an audacious naughty pack is this?
Haue her before a Iustice, Adam.

Em. Do, with all my heart good father, send mee
to a Iustice, for a pretty woman with a smooth tongue
and an Angels voice, can do much with Iustice in
this golden age, but thus much afore I go, if Iustice
will not prouide me a better father, Ile haue you, or
Ile giue the beadle of the ward a fee to cry, a new fa-
ther a new, as they do oysters at Callis. *Exit.*

Dn. Brother are you acquainted with this woman?

Lo. I must needs say that at my nephews suite,
I gaue her a months lodging and her diet.

But *Nuda veritate* in bare truth,

et bona fide without circumstance,

Splendense Sole the bright Sun nere sawe,

A wench more capable of wit and law,

And how soere she is with bewty grac'd,

I dare engage myne honor she is chaste,

Dn. I giue your words good credit, yet is rare,

to finde a woman wanton, chaste and fayre,

But now vnto my sonne, whose powerfull art,

Striues to vngiue his sisters seruitude.

Polimeres in his study.

Pol. Thanks He eate, thou hast insphearde my hope

In a golde circle, o were my father here,

This fight would of his age bate twenty yeare.

Dn. What fight my sonne.

Pol. Lend mee your watry eye,

That swims in passion for my sisters losse,

And in this booke prospective, let it read,

Apleasing lecture.

Dn. I conceiue two shapes.

A ciuill marchant and a bewteous mayd.

Their pace is speedy and my slower eye,

Law-tricks, or

Cannot keepe way with their celerity.

Ps. That maid's my sister, whome on magiques wing,

To this fayre presence, my rich Art shall bring,

Prepare to meete them, for this minutes age,

sends with my charme their airy pilgrimage.

Enter Iulio like a Marchant, and Ioculo like a Lady.

Is. Where are we now? how strang^{ly} were we borne

Vpon the pinions of the fleeting ayre,
And where dismounted vnto what great Prince
Christian or Pagan longs this mansion.

Is. Are we in any sociable place?
Or in the Cell of some Magitian,
Who by his skill in hellish exorcismes,
Made vs his thrall?

Du. I can forbear no longer,
Welcome thrice wellcome.

Is. Welcome?

Is. Whence?

Is. To whome?

Du. To mee.

Ang. to vs. *Du.* Thy father.

Lu. and thy friendes.

Is. do not beguile vs, O *Demetrio*?
We are betraid, see the Magitian,
That by his cunning and strong working charmes,
Brought vs vnkowne.

Du. Into thy fathers armes,
Welcome *Emilia*, with this luory chayne,
I sphære my hopes and in thy bosome rayne,
These teares of comfort, then embrace thy friends.
Thy Brothers Arte all further difference endes.

Is. Your Citty.

Du. Genoa.

Is. and

who would haue thought it.

Io. And your reuerend name.

Duk. Ferneze.

Io. Father.

Lur. Yes the verie same,

I doe remember when she went to nurie,

What a curst vixen twa's, but now shee's growne.

Io. Not past all goodnes, yet I hope sir: but yfaith
Brother wast you that brought vs from Turkey a cock-
horse? and your Genoan hackneye be so quick pac'd
you shall haue more of our Custome.

Duke. Lay by 'discourse, what Gentleman is that
comes vninuitd to our feast of ioy.

Io. Pray welcome him father, hee's a Genoan mar-
chant, that with much suite ransom'd mee from the
Turke.

Duk. My hopes redeemer welcome, but proceede
Vnto the doubtfull fortunes of my childe:

Twas tolde me she was stolne from *Monta sancta*.

Int. You helpe my memorie, thence she was stolne,

And for her beautie, chosen Concubine

To the lasciuious Turke, but by much sute,

And meditation of some speciall friends,

I bought her freedome with a thousand markes.

Duk. Which weele repay with ample interest,

Once more weele bid you welcome, and to set

A smother glosse vpon our merrymment,

There's a quicke Wench that onely liues by wit,

Who vnderstanding I had lost my Daughter,

Borrow'd thy habit, and Vsurpes thy name,

One call her in, now Daughter make thee fit,

To combat and dismount her active wit. *Exit. Adam*

Lur. A parlous Girle, her wits a meere Snaphaunce,

Goe's with a fire locke, she strikes fire from stones,

Shee knowes the Law too, a meere murdering peece,

Fight lowe, locke close, shee speakes meere, lightning

Neece.

Enter

Law-tricks, or

Enter Adam with Emilia.

Em. How now father, haue you put on your cōsidering Cap, and bethought you? or shall I proceede and tra-uerse my writ of errors?

Lur. Ha, writ of errors? Law-trickes, words of Art Demurrs and quilllets.

Em. All not worth a pinne, will you bethinke you father?

Da. I haue bethought me, and to let thee see,
The true proportion of thy impudence,
Behold my Daughter, whome thou personat'st.

Em. How, yout Daughter?

Loc. Yes minke, his Daughter.

Lur. My neece, and I will make it good.

Em. Prettie yfaith, haue ye any more of these tricks? I may be out-fac'd of my selfe with a Carde often, but yfaith Vncle, the best knaue 'ith bunch, nor all the law in your Budget cannot doo't, & as for you Sifley bum-trinkets, ile haue about with you at the single Stackado are you a woman?

Lo. No.

Em. What then?

Lo. A Maide.

Lu. If his tongue falter, all our plots be wraide.

Em. If a true maide, lend a true maide your hand.

Loc. Both hand and heart

Em. The like of me commaund,
Now I coniure thee by the loue
Y^e beare Dianæes fien^r Grone,
By Cupids bowe, and golden arrow,
Venus Dove, and chirping Sparrow,
By all those vo^{ices}, the listning windes,
Heare when Maides v^eclaspe their mindes,
By those sweete oathes men vse in bed,
Beseeging of a Maids head.

I doe

who would haue thought it.

I doe coniure you fore these Lords,
To answer truely to my words.

Io. By these and more, by all the scapes
Of amorous Ioue and Phœbus rapes,
By Louers sweet and secret meetings,
Hand embracings and lip greetings,
I promise you before these Lords,
To answer truely to your words.

Em. Where were you borne?

Loc. In Genoa.

Em. Your name?

Loc. Emilia.

Em. Lye nor.

Loc. Twere open shame
to lye before so many.

Em. In what Art were you instructed?

Loc. That's not in my part.

Po. Say musique.

Em. Quickly.

Io. I was taught to sing,
Vnto the Lute, and Court each amorous string
With a soft finger.

Em. Good, how many springs
Liu'd you in *Monta Santa*?

Loc. Zoundes this stings.

Em. How many?

Loc. Nine.

Po. Zoundes ten.

Io. Ten fops.

Em. Nay quicke.

Loc. Twixt nine and ten.

Duke. Right, answere.

Loc. I' the nick.

Em. Your age?

Io. What?

Loc. Any thing.

Em. Come, fie, you linger.

I

Io. I

Lawtricks, or

Io. I am iust as old.

Em. As what?

Io. my little finger.

Em. You dally

Io. Sixteene.

Io. Eighteene.

Io. Eighteene fooles,

Du. Nay and you prompt weele hisse you forth
the schooles.

Em. Come your reply, nay quick your certen age,

Io. I am iust as old as—true *Emilacs* page.

Du. A page?

An. Disguisde?

Ad. Wrapt in a womans smock?

Io. Ime in a wood.

Em. And I can spring a cock,

Io. Woodcock of our side :

Em. And you bill so faire,

Make a cleere glade, Ile single forth a paire.

Io. Fie her witte scaldes.

Lur. We shall haue change of weather.

Iul. Cocks of one hen, come prince, lets hold toge-
ther.

Em. I thought we should finde a Counterfeit of you

Io. Then naile me to your lips with a kisse, and make
me currant paiment.

Du. What, young Orlando? how dooes Charing-
Is Westminster yet friendes with Winchester? (Crosse?

Io. Zoundes Iulio now.

Io. Alas my Lord, it was a meere deuice to——

Iul. Make your Highnesse merry, when I heard
You were return'd without your wish'd Aduenture.

Du. Oh Maister Marchant, you aduenturd well,
To cheate your selfe thus of a thousand markes,

Em. How now my Lord?

Lur. Nay, ile but see your brest, mine eyes desire.

No

who would haue thought it.

No lower obieſt.

Em. Go to, reade your errors.

Lur. I cannot now returne, *non eſt inuenta*,
Brother embrace your childe, your ſecond heire,
I found firme witnes in her boſome bare.

Du. Art thou Emilia?

Em. Emilia, your Daughter, once a Turkiſh priſoner

Du. Receiue a ioyfull bleſſing riſe and ſay,
What wit or power freed thee.

Em. Deere father, the manner both of my enlarging
and captiuing ile relate, when more conuenient time
and place ſhall incite me, but vpon this occaſion, pray
giue me leaue to put my brother beſide his melācholy

Du. I prethee do ſo.

Em. Why how now Student? grand Magitian,
Puritane, come, you neuer plaide the Wag,
You know not Winefrides hem, nor the Counts vault.

Du. A mort man? what, can *Polymetes* daunte
Hatha not Hyren heere?

Po. Zoundes all will out, braines ———

Du. Now for a hundred dozen of Larkes to make a
pie of the braines.

Po. Well, done it was, and out it muſt.

Du. Why how now *Polymetes* in a dumpe?

Wheres your *Venetian* Marchant and your Siſter?

Po. Who? *Emilia*? why looke you heere father, doe
you thinke I knew her not? aſke the Boy and Iulio, do
you thinke I would haue maintaynd her as I did but
onely for affinities ſake? what ſaide I at firſt Nuncle?
did I not vrge affinities? and you would ſee me hang'd
ſay and I did not vrge affinitie?

Em. And yet you pleaded hard for a nights lodging
Poly. Onely to try thy honeſty by this Element, aſke
my vncl eſe?

Law-trickes, or

Enter Horatioes Page and whisper with
Polimetes.

Em. Hee's a sweet womanist.

Lur. No more a that, neece y'are a wag.

Em. Well said old water Ratt,
But that my brother Coniurer should faile,
In the black Art.——

Lu. In the black Pudding: pish,
Of all arts else, onely the law is firme.

Em. And yet that danceth changes euery Terme.

Po. Well ieston gallants, and vncke, you that make
a pish at the black Art, my books to the peece of Ar-
ras, where Venus and Adonis stood kissing and the
cuckoldly pandar Vulcan watch'd them, and all
your by waies to boot, I raise vp my Aunt your late
wife in the same proportion, habit and gesture, shee
vsually wore in her life time.

Du. Do that, Ile sweare there's vertue in thy Art.

Po. And if I do not, say Philosophie is foolery,
Logique leger demaine, and Coniuring meere coni-
catching, as indeed it is.

And now by vertue of this wand,
Each in his circle keepe his stand,

Now Beliall and Astaroth,

Sole commanders of the North,

By Hecates head, Erinnis snakes,

Six and all infernall Lakes,

I charge you kneele to Proserpine,

And by her licence all deuine

Dismiss the Countesse from those shades,

Where pleasure springs and neuer fades.

Festina, cito, citius, come

free Tenant of Elizium.

Enter Countesse, she writes a little, throwes downe
the paper and departs.

Du. The Count looks pale.

Ang. why starts Horatio?

Lu. What writte the shadow?

Po. That

who would haue thought it.

Po. That, these lynes will show,
*Horatio, base Horatio paysond me,
I was your sister, right mine iniurie.*

Du. Horatio?

Lx. Yes, Horatio poifond her
Reuenge it Duke be a true Iusticer.

Du. Reueng't I wil, degenerous homicide,
What reason led thee to so dam'd a deed?

Hor. I lou'd her, wood her, my hot loue denide
Change into hate, I poison'd her, she dyde.

Du. Sounds this like truth.

Ho. And if you thinke I lye,
Aske Lurdo, his damb'd tongue will answere L.

Duk. Had he a hand in't?

Lur. No, I will demurre.

Ad. Reuenge it Duke, be a true Iusticer,

Lur. He gaue the poison.

Hor. And you laide the plot

Ad. Knit vp two villaines in one riding knot.

Poly. What quillet now? *Int. At non plac.*

Em. Senceles, mute?

Silence cries guiltie, a lets fal the suite.

Lur. Hor. Our sentence guiltie,

Du. Then be this your doome,
You shall be clos'd aliue in her dead tombe.

Ang. Vrge a reprieue:

Lur. Our punishment defer,

Du. No, we must be an vpright Iusticer;
To the execution.

Hor. Doe, the world shal proue
My heart's as bolde to die as t'wa's to loue.

Lur. Birlady so is not mine, ide giue my goods,
For a good *habeas Corpus*, to remoue me
Into another Countrie.

Du. Leauē demurrs,
Close them into that graue, that dead mans Inne,

Pitty

Law-tricks, or

Pitie true vertue should be lodg'd with sinne.

Hor. Make roome deare Madam, law this leaue doth
To die by thee with whome I could not liue, (giue

Lur. And wronged Countesse though I hated thee,
I come to take my latest sleepe with thee.

Countesse in the Tombe.

Con. Kind thou art welcome, and shalt euer haue,
My armes thy winding sheete, my brest thy graue.

Du. Sister? *Pa.* Aunt? *Em.* Madam?

Lur. My much wronged wife?

Con. Iustice great Duke, giue me my husbands life,
Both his and his, if your demaund be why,
See the suruiues for whose death they should die.

Du. Aliue. *Lur.* Vnblemish't.

Hor. S'blood I gaue her poison.

Pa. I could tell your honour a tale in your eare to the
contrarie, I must needes say your wil was good, but my
father being your drug-seller, instead of a deadly poi-
son, gaue you a sleepe potion, doe you remember the
Eccho at the tomb? though I plaid the knaue with you,
I did like an honest man with her.

Lur. Thou didst iudeede, and ile requite thee well.

Pol. How now Vncle? what thinke you of Schol-
lership now?

Lur. As of the law, good as it may be vsd,
But to my wife.

Duke. Brother, ile speake your part,
Receiue her, loue, and lodge her in your heart.

Lur. No'te dieg.

Hor. What shall I doe then?

Du. Iustice shall merce thee, and by our commaund
We banish thee the Court, though not our Land,
Your course is vertuous, let your honour growe
Till age hath cloath'd you in a robe of snow.
Lastly, thy merrit is not triuiall,
That turnd to mirth a Sceane so tragicall.

Epilogus

who would haue thought it.

Epilogue.

Who would haue thought, such strange euent should
Into a course so smooth and comickall? (fall
Who would haue thought such treachery could rest,
In such a smoothe and vertuous-seeming brest?
Who would haue thought a bud of this yong growth,
Should out of present wit ore-reach vs both?
And to conclude, who would haue thought the care
Of your mildepaticence would so gently beare
With these our weake deserts? which if they please you
Tis lesse then we desire, more then we thought. (ought

FINIS.

